

1507/1316
THE
PATRIOT,

OR
A CALL TO GLORY;

A
POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

I bone, quò virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto

Grandia laturus meritorum premia. Quid stas?

HORACE.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by ROBERT FLEMING, and sold at the Shop
of YAIR and FLEMING.

M.DCC.LVII.

THE
PATRIOT
OR
A CALL TO GLORY



IN TWO VOLUMES
BY
JAMES H. B. RAY
ESQ.
OF THE
BARRISTERS AT LAW
IN THE
MIDDLE TEMPLE
LONDON
PUBLISHED BY
JOHN WILKINSON
STATIONER AND PRINTER
TO THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN THE STRAND
1860

T
Ple
Fro
To
Glo
To
To
And
The

T H E
P A T R I O T,

P O E M.

B O O K I.

TO rouse BRITANNIA from her golden dreams,

In which, alas! she thinks herself secure,

Pleas'd with the phantom, visionary joys,

From all impending danger and alarm:

To set each grand example in her view,

Glory and conquest, and immortal fame;

To shew the Patriot what he ought to do,

To aggrandize his name with lasting praise,

And truly serve his country and his king;

These are my themes: inspire, O heav'nly muse!

A

ATTEND,

ATTEND, DUNDAS, a moment, from the page,
 Where law, illustrious science, lies obscur'd
 In intricacies subtile and abstruse;
 Till brought to light by your elab'rate eye,
 And, forc'd to own your genius, render'd plain
 And unperplex'd; and hear a simple muse,
 (Not so the subject) while her bosom glows
 With freedom, virtue, and BRITANNIA's right;
 And warms her numbers with that patriot fire,
 Which plants heroic valour in the soul,
 And rouses ALBION to exalted deeds,
 And actions worthy of her ancient name,
 For property, for glory, and renown.
 These all are yours; yet patronize the lays
 Which strive with ardent and ambitious zeal,
 That not a BRITON should possess them less.
 And, O! let candor plead the muse's cause,
 That amiable and distinguish'd grace,
 Ever attendant on the noble mind,
 And ever your peculiar excellence.
 True, she's intruding on more weighty cares,
 And more important to the common-weal;
 But can a generous tear, for BRITAIN shed,

Sunk



Sunk in misfortunes ! can a fond essay
 ('Tho' impotent perhaps) to fire her sons
 With zeal once more to be themselves, offend !

IMMERS'D in shameful lethargy and sloth,
 In fatal pleasures and fantastic schemes,
 Delusive prospects, and ignoble cares,
 Destructive of her native dignity ;
 Now ALBION, once œconomist of time,
 Lets the fleet moments useless glide away,
 In childish, insignificant affairs,
 Private debates, and animosities,
 Without a thought how quick their motion speeds ;
 Nor sees the storm thick-glooming o'er her head,
 With horror and suspended ruin fraught,
 Ready to burst on her devoted isles,
 And bury all her children in the grave :
 Falsely illustrious, and supinely great,
 Relying on the conquests she has gain'd,
 That name which courage and which wisdom gave,
 Prudence in council, and success in arms,
 In more distinguish'd, and in happier days :
 As if the sword of tyranny and pride,
 Determin'd hatred, and infuriate rage,

Would

Would value what in former times she was,
If now degen'rate, indolent, and weak.

So might the lion, when oppress'd with years,
Stiff ev'ry joint, enfeebl'd and decay'd ;
Boast to his savage foe his pristine strength,
When life's young flood flow'd thro' his turgid veins,
Warm'd his swoln chest, and ev'ry finew strung.
But will such vaunting language now avail,
His arrogated conquests all no more ;
When, so worn out, he scarcely can exert
One smallest effort to assail the prey,
Defenceless and obnoxious to his paw ?
No ; all this haughty rhetoric despis'd ;
Behold his fierce opposer, ev'ry vein
Boiling in all the heat of youthful blood,
Impatient and relentless ; each quick eye
Flashing the vivid flame, and rolling keen,
Pull him, impotent, to the ground, and seize
His trembling breast, and tear his heart away.

FRANCE, haughty France, Europa's gen'ral bane,
That foe of justice and of liberty,
Push'd on by superstition's hellish zeal,

Ambi-

Ambition's execrable thirst for blood,
 And wild and frantic with despotic pow'r,
 Satanic, curst, illegal, uncontroll'd !
 Now on the plain draws up her hostile band,
 More num'rous not the sand upon the shore,
 Or spangl'd orbs that glitter in the sky.
 Behold their length'ning columns march along,
 With arms and bucklers formidably bright,
 Compact and firm, and thirsting for revenge.
 See the bold horse accouter'd for the fight,
 His rolling eye-balls sparkling like the stars ;
 Champing the bit, and pawing up the ground,
 And sweating briny dew from ev'ry pore ;
 While from his nostrils streams the smoaky fire,
 Keen and impatient for the bloody charge.
 Hear war's tumultuous accents, loud and strong,
 Clangor on clangor, horridly resound,
 Inspiring fury, butchery, and death,
 From all the martial trumpet's brazen throats ;
 While hov'ring breezes catch the warlike airs,
 And waft them quick to ev'ry echo round,
 And moving on in slow progressive pace,
 The fiery tempests sleeping in their wombs,
 Soon to awake, alas ! with dreadful burst,

And

And sweep mortiferous along the ranks,
Till mangl'd legions bite the purple earth;
The hostile cannon point their daring tubes.

For what are all these preparations made?
Why all this formidable apparatus?
These countless squadrons, clad in burnish'd steel,
And arm'd with ev'ry instrument of death,
And each pernicious engine to destroy,
That hell and fury could themselves invent?
'Gainst thee, BRITANNIA, empress of the isles,
And potent mistress of the boundless flood;
To rob thee of thy sceptre and thy crown,
Thine once with honour, glory, and applause;
Snatch from thy treasures all their golden store,
Seize thy possessions, and destroy thy trade,
The finews and the bulwarks of thy state;
O'er-run thy colonies with sword and fire,
Those parent fountains of substantial wealth,
And chief supporters of thy name and throne;
And make them one wide, dismal, barren waste;
Or, which is just as bad, the hated seats
Of arbitrary and tyrannic sway,
Inglorious bondage, and oppressive chains,

And

And curs'd enthusiasm's bloody rage,
 The horrid rights of devils and of Rome.
 To slay thy children, O opprobrious deed !
 Thy darling children, ah ! once how secure !
 Mangl'd with gashes, and deform'd with gore,
 Torn ev'ry limb from limb, and joint from joint,
 Gasping and groaning, ev'n before thy eyes !
 Freedom and property for ever gone ;
 Without which life's a burden and a pain ;
 Delusive ev'ry scene of blis and joy.
 Curs'd, abject, grov'ling slav'ry in their place,
 That weighty shackle on th' aspiring thought,
 Forbidding it to rise and soar sublime,
 Illustriously superior to her chain,
 Scorning to crawl like her upon the ground !
 The love of ev'ry great and glorious deed,
 Each high-born ardor, and exalted scheme,
 Which patriotism can alone inspire,
 And that heroic nobleness of soul,
 Which liberty's distinguish'd vot'ries boast ;
 Damp'd and destroy'd, beneath the iron lash
 Of despotism, and ambitious pride,
 Fixt by no limits but unbounded rage !

O FATAL, horrid, and detested times !
 Sad catastrophe, and destructive ills !
 Which ever may the God of heav'n avert !

From yonder port behold her fleets set sail,
 Their gilded pendants flutt'ring in the wind ;
 Alas ! but too propitious to their hopes,
 Mann'd with the choicest flower of her youth,
 So many floating castles to the view.
 See, expeditious, how they skim along,
 Cutting the foaming billows in their course,
 And rending all the air with loud huzzas,
 And shouts anticipating spoils, and wreaths
 Wove by the conqu'ring hand of victory,
 And plac'd, forsooth, upon their haughty brows !
 All, all in haste, thee, BRITAIN, to engage,
 And sink thy naval prowess in the sea.
 But blast, almighty God ! their bold design,
 Abortive all their best concerted schemes.

Will these not rouse the lazy BRITAIN, sunk,
 Abject, and mean, in dastard indolence,
 Ignobly fetter'd to each craving lust,
 And lost to vicious and illegal joys ;

Deaf

Deaf to the tumult and the din of arms,
And all the shocking bloody scenes of war?

So might the sailor on the mast obey
The sluggish call of slumber's drowsy voice,
When frantic storms rage in th' ærial space,
Plow up the deep, and mount the waves to heav'n;
While universal horror glooms around,
And shrieks and groans assail the tortur'd ear:
Or yonder hind might carelessly indulge
The indolent delights of slothful ease,
Stretch'd all along upon his lolling couch;
And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around,
While the bold thief, on blood and robb'ry bent,
His thoughts more dark than midnight's blackest gloom,
Invades the house, and loads himself with spoils.
Behold him seize the partner of his life,
With heart as hard and flinty as the rock,
And ruthless plunge the dagger in her breast,
Till death fits pallid on her quiv'ring lip,
And trembling horrors shake her sinking frame,
Stare in her eyes, and swell her heaving lungs;
While all the little infants ly around,
Vainly imploring aid, with lisping tongues,

O FATAL, horrid, and detested times !

Sad catastrophe, and destructive ills !

Which ever may the God of heav'n avert !

FROM yonder port behold her fleets set sail,
 Their gilded pendants flutt'ring in the wind ;
 Alas ! but too propitious to their hopes,
 Mann'd with the choicest flower of her youth,
 So many floating castles to the view.
 See, expeditious, how they skim along,
 Cutting the foaming billows in their course,
 And rending all the air with loud huzzas,
 And shouts anticipating spoils, and wreaths
 Wove by the conqu'ring hand of victory,
 And plac'd, forsooth, upon their haughty brows !
 All, all in haste, thee, BRITAIN, to engage,
 And sink thy naval prowess in the sea.
 But blast, almighty God ! their bold design,
 Abortive all their best concerted schemes.

WILL these not rouse the lazy BRITAIN, sunk,
 Abject, and mean, in dastard indolence,
 Ignobly fetter'd to each craving lust,
 And lost to vicious and illegal joys ;

Deaf

Deaf to the tumult and the din of arms,
And all the shocking bloody scenes of war?

So might the sailor on the mast obey
The sluggish call of slumber's drowsy voice,
When frantic storms rage in th' aerial space,
Plow up the deep, and mount the waves to heav'n;
While universal horror glooms around,
And shrieks and groans assail the tortur'd ear:
Or yonder hind might carelessly indulge
The indolent delights of slothful ease,
Stretch'd all along upon his lolling couch;
And unconcern'dly cast his eyes around,
While the bold thief, on blood and robb'ry bent,
His thoughts more dark than midnight's blackest gloom,
Invades the house, and loads himself with spoils,
Behold him seize the partner of his life,
With heart as hard and flinty as the rock,
And ruthless plunge the dagger in her breast,
Till death sits pallid on her quiv'ring lip,
And trembling horrors shake her sinking frame,
Stare in her eyes, and swell her heaving lungs;
While all the little infants ly around,
Vainly imploring aid, with lisping tongues,

From one whose ears, alas ! no more imbibe
 The melting accents of their feeble prayers :
 Gasping and welt'ring in their guiltless blood,
 Each milk-white neck mark'd with a hideous gash,
 A gash by more than savage fury giv'n !

METHINKS I see Parental Fondness come,
 Affection sacred, heav'nly virtue, bred
 Within the brother's and the sister's breast ;
 Conjugal Love, and Filial Piety,
 With Friendship's ardent wishes in the rear,
 Throbbing each breast, dejected ev'ry look,
 And tears of anguish bursting from their eyes.
 Methinks I see Abundance, wealthy fair,
 Content and satisfaction in her face ;
 Bright Liberty, prime blessing of the skies,
 And Honour crown'd with everlasting bays ;
 Proud Victory, in shining armour clad,
 The conqu'ring squadrons following at her heel ;
 Loaded with spoils from vanquish'd nations won,
 And grandly set in her triumphal car,
 War's brazen trumps loud sounding as she moves ;
 Extensive trade, and commerce wafting home
 The rarities and wealth of foreign climes ;

Ten thousand gallies plying hard their oars,
 Or spread their sails to catch the fav'ring gale;
 While Peace, indulgent goddess, smiles around,
 Attended close by her benignant train
 Of native virtues, Joy, and flow'ry Ease,
 Gay laughing Beauty, lolling in her chair,
 Tranquillity, and sprightly social Mirth,
 Refin'd Amusement, manly, elegant,
 Secure Enjoyment, and delightful Cares,
 And all th' amazing prodigies of Art,
 And Science, noble and distinguish'd dame,
 Whose searching eye creation scarce can bound.
 Methinks I hear them all, in one loud voice,
 Eager and ardent with impatient zeal,
 Reproach BRITANNIA, once for arms renown'd,
 Her negligence, security, and sloth,
 So out of season and inglorious now;
 And call her sleeping sons, to arms, to arms;
 Quick to engross the present precious hours,
 Precious beyond what language can express;
 And bear the hardy troops upon the foe,
 Till death reigns bloody thro' their scatter'd ranks,
 And strows the champain with their mangl'd slain;
 Or fall with honour, and with glory crown'd,

Pour out their lives at ev'ry bleeding wound,
 And smiling in the anguish of their pangs;
 Amidst the thickest of their adverse foes,
 For liberty, religion, and their God.

Now is the time, the continent in arms,
 And all GERMANIA rang'd in hostile files;
 Each thing held dear by mortal man at stake,
 When PRUSSIA'S Lord, illustrious warrior, fam'd
 For wisdom, prudence, and experience sage,
 And dauntless intrepidity in fight;
 For each exalted, high-born excellence,
 That forms the man, the hero, or the king!
 When he entreats you, ardent in his cause,
 The common cause of freedom and of truth,
 And all the glorious rights of human kind;
 To act as BRITONS ever have before,
 Bravely determin'd, and magnanimous:
 To join his hardy vet'rans in the field,
 The stoutest, best-disciplin'd in the world,
 Train'd, and accusom'd from their youth to arms;
 Each soldier furnish'd with a leader's skill,
 As capable to guide as to obey;
 To counteract the enemy's designs,
 And

And turn the storm of war upon themselves;
 The christian banner waving as they march,
 Never before in more momentous times,
 Or with more critical importance big,
 Display'd, the pride and glory of our land;

RELIGION too, bids the loud trumpet sound,
 To call th' embattl'd legions to the field,
 And charge th' tremendous instruments of war;
 The weighty cannon, mortar, and the bomb,
 And ev'ry other engine to lay waste,
 With magazines of thunder and of death,
 To burst explosive on th' audacious foe,
 Who dares call forth the British chief to arms:
 And when she calls, shall not their terrors roar,
 And lay whole ranks expiring on the ground,
 Drown'd in their blood; will not the thirsty blade
 Unsheath its glitt'ring surface to the sun,
 Keen in the service of its valiant lord,
 And stab th' nefarious murd'ers of his peace,
 Till stain'd and glutted with their hostile gore?

WILL not the shepherd, when the rabid wolf,
 Insidious, steals with cunning steps along,

Till

Till reach'd the place, where, sunk in balmy rest,
 No danger dreaded, sleeps the fleecy flock,
 Only secur'd within a feeble fold,
 A weak defence from such a butcher nigh;
 Will he not instant snatch the fatal tube,
 Within which sleeps the thunderbolt of death,
 And at th' assassin aim destruction sure,
 Till, scatter'd round, his reeking brains appear?
 Or bid the mastiff, train'd to such exploits,
 And punctually obedient to his call,
 With raging fury's most invet'rate tooth,
 Seize on his throat, and drink his vital blood?

AND shall religion importune in vain,
 All, like the adder, deaf to what she says,
 Altho' persuasion dwells upon her tongue,
 Soft as the downy lap of flow'ry spring,
 When warm ambrosial zephyrs gently blow;
 And sweet and melting as the liquid dew,
 Distilling, balmy, from the honey-comb!
 Tho' wisdom, bright as yonder lambient ray,
 Which darts refulgent from the azure skies;
 And judgment deep as ocean's inmost flood;
 Experience sage, and prudence learn'd from heav'n,

Mark

Mark and distinguish all the bids us do
 Religion, amiable, great and good!
 The voice, the awful voice, of God below,
 Which saints and raptur'd seraphims adore!

WHAT can inferior motives then affect,
 Since she, the bright assemblage of them all,
 The genuine offspring of th' empyrean skies;
 Calls, nay entreats, but all, alas, in vain!
 Honour and friendship, glory and renown,
 The ties of gratitude and charity,
 And ev'ry tender feeling of the soul,
 Paternal, filial, and conjugal love;
 All surely then can no attractions boast,
 To claim regard, quite destitute of power
 To influence the steely heart, estrang'd;
 Sway'd by its passions, and voluptuous joys,
 Unraptur'd by sublime refin'd desires.
 O melancholy, tho' notorious, truth!
 A truth how pregnant still with foul disgrace!
 Which dims the lustre of the BRITISH crown!
 And sullies all the glory of the times!
 O could the muse for ever hide the shame,
 The flagrant shame, O ALBION, of thy isles!

Wipe off the deep-dy'd stains of infamy,
 Which future ages, blushing to read o'er
 The faithful records of th' historic page,
 Will cast upon thy once illustrious throne!

ATTEND, and hear their voices all unite,
 In language how emphatic to the ear!
 While CALEDONIA'S tuneful bard on fire
 With liberty, with property, and fame,
 Thy truest honour, and intrinsic weal;
 Attunes his numbers to the noblest themes,
 Themes which will raise and aggrandize his name,
 Altho' obscure his fortune and his birth.

WHILE many to the muse's shrine repair,
 Devoutly to implore their sacred aid,
 (Pernicious fervor, and destructive zeal!)
 To tune their tongues, and bosoms to inspire
 For what? illustrious champions to commence
 In virtue's and religion's sacred cause?
 To put the shield, and brace the buckler on,
 Of piety, of innocence, and truth;
 And boldly take the field, on conquest bent,
 Against corruption, knavery, and vice,

Those

Those pests and curs'd destroyers of mankind,
 With all their impious diabolic crew ?
 No, would to heav'n these were the ends in view !
 Behold them all their noblest pow'rs exhaust,
 Their wit, their judgment, memory, and sense,
 (If sense and judgment can to such belong)
 To the most sordid and ignoble ends,
 Pride, drunkenness and immorality.
 Thus adding, O unhappy, fatal turn !
 New fuel to the passion's head-strong rage,
 And kindling up the embers of desire ;
 Impure desire, lascivious, unconfin'd ;
 Encouraging that principle in man,
 Alas, but too predominant and strong !
 Of fatally indulging vice and sin,
 And giving all the soul to sensual joys ;
 Dressing false pleasure in her syren garb,
 To tempt the giddy crowd ; and ev'ry sense
 Imbruting from its dignity divine !
 While thus, I say, they prostitute their muse,
 And in wrong channels give their lays to flow,
 Lays first design'd for his transcendent praise,
 Who sits enthron'd above the argent skies,
 Firm rectitude the basis of his throne,

Wisdom, and justice, and omnipotence,
 The sov'reign lord and ruler of the world !
 To shine illustrious in that man's applause,
 Whom fame the patriot and the hero calls ;
 His is the praise, above such grov'ling strains,
 To enter in the glorious list of those
 Who fight for honour in their country's cause,
 That manly valour, and distinguish'd zeal,
 Which sacred freedom loud from all demands,
 And ah, alas ! too urging are the themes,
 Too various the materials for his muse !
 O had his tongue ne'er learn'd its tuneful art,
 His glowing breast to burn with patriot fire ;
 Since such the subjects, manners, and the times !

HAIL SCOTIAN bard ! the time is nobly hit,
 To wake the BRITISH lion from his den,
 And rouse the slumb'ring genius of our isles,
 Now drooping in inglorious indolence,
 And lost to ev'ry aggrandizing thought,
 Each tow'ring project, and transcendent scheme,
 And, all th' exalted greatness of the soul ;
 Terrific to opposing legions once,
 Triumphant 'mid the uproar of the field ;

Impe-

Impetuous as the torrent's rapid flood,
 Resiftless as the whirlwind's sweeping blast,
 And flaming like the meteor in the south!

O FOR such glorious, such illustrious days,
 Bright in the annals of antiquity,
 When wisdom counsel'd, and when valour gain'd,
 To keep the universal world in awe,
 And give sweet peace the sceptre and the sword!
 Ere luxury, voluptuous glutton, reign'd,
 With pamper'd looks, and paunch with meats full cram'd,
 Roaring and swearing round the loaded board,
 And belching out the fumes of wine profuse,
 Or vomiting its undigested tides;
 A burden, and a nausea to herself!
 Ere gaming and debauchery conspir'd,
 Those native evils of th' infernal world,
 Monsters most fatal, loathsome, and impure;
 Those whirlpools, ever gasping and profound,
 Of reputation, affluence, and health,
 And ev'ry godlike faculty of man,
 Our future prospects, and immortal hopes:
 Ere these, with furious lust and zeal conspir'd
 To spread a gen'ral madness thro' the land,

A madness worse than canine ; to deform
 The native smiling beauty of the face,
 And take the rosy tincture from the cheek,
 And render ev'ry feature sunk and wan,
 Abhor'd ev'n by their votaries themselves.
 When temperance and honest thrift combin'd
 To send sweet smiling plenty all abroad ;
 Each mouth with bread, each coffer fill'd with gold,
 Till ev'ry hope and wish were satisfy'd :
 Then thirst of glory, and of high exploits,
 Throb'd in each breast, and beat in ev'ry pulse ;
 Ere bribery and faction had their birth,
 And all the vile unjustifi'ble arts
 Of foul corruption, and venality.
 Transcendent times ! for ever to be priz'd !
 Times ever deaf to pleasure's fawning voice,
 And to pernicious mean amusements dead !
 Pleasure, which palls and fatiates each sense,
 And makes it blunt to ev'ry thing divine,
 Each relish of refin'd and sacred joys ;
 And damps the noble genius in the soul,
 Extinguishing the glow of patriot fire ;
 The love of liberty, and martial toils,
 And ev'ry great and daring enterprise !

Which

Which makes us despicable to the foe,
 The objects of his ridicule and scorn;
 And sinks our once-won trophies in the dust;
 Inspiring cowardice, and dastard fear,
 Shock'd at the faulchion, or the cannon ball!
 Pleasure, so soon as tasted, which conveys
 A mortal poison to each tainted vein,
 And dries up ev'ry source of bloom and health;
 Effeminates each faculty and power,
 And weakens all the vigour of the mind;
 Which lures us, like the syren, to destroy,
 And puts us on the level with the beast:
 Nay, infinitely lower, reason weigh'd,
 That spark of God himself (if not abus'd,
 Unprostituted) in impartial scale!

AMUSEMENTS which debase the human soul,
 And render it unconscious of desires,
 Pure, elevated, noble, and sublime;
 Chain down and shackle each aspiring thought,
 Which otherways would soar above the skies,
 Rais'd on the wing of some illustrious deed;
 And leave to swine their dunghills and their mire,
 To children all their gewgaws and their toys!
 Amusements which allow the fleeting hours

To

To fly away, unnotic'd, unperceiv'd ;
 With speed accelerated as the wind,
 Without one worthy thought of God supreme,
 Of saints, of angels, or of heav'nly things,
 Religion, virtue, friendship, or of joys
 Which only those pure souls above can taste :
 Engross that corner in our breasts, where love
 Of property, of freedom, and of fame
 Gain'd in our country's cause, should only dwell !
 O for that ever-memorable time !
 That time when BRITAIN led her conqu'ring troops
 Thro' mighty empires, and thro' martial states,
 Guided by wisdom, and consummate skill,
 And courted by success and victory ;
 By firm and dauntless resolution steel'd,
 And all on fire with valour's noblest warmth ;
 The storm of war, big with impending fate,
 Wide-wasting, and devouring as they march ;
 The storm, the dismal, formidable storm,
 Pregnant with thunder, light'ning, and with death !

 So does the whirlwind, mounted on the wing
 Of rapid speed, swift as the darting beam ;
 And thick encompass'd in impervious gloom,
 Gloom,

Gloom, threatening, universal, low'ring, vast;
 Ravage and devastate the country round,
 Tearing up mighty forests by the roots,
 And tumbling lofty structures to the ground;
 Roaring horrific to the deafen'd ear,
 And spreading desolation all around,
 Where e'er his dreadful sweeping terrors fly;
 Ah, how destructive to th' astonish'd swain,
 And all the finish'd labours of his hand,
 Industrious hand, his flocks, his herds, and fields!

AND shall yon radiant monarch of the skies,
 Th' imperial sun, irradiate the world,
 Nor ever bring such glorious days again;
 Days which ne'er flew away, but with a load
 Of honour and of fame upon their wings;
 Honour and fame loud in BRITANNIA's praise!

THESE once distinguish'd Rome, imperial place,
 Where arts, and arms, and sciences triumph'd,
 Beneath their blest auspicious influence!
 Her troops undaunted, hardy, disciplin'd,
 Still bore the wreaths of honour from the field,
 And conquer'd and subdu'd where'er they went.

D

Princes

Princes and kings, submissive, own'd her pow'r;
 Their crowns and sceptres at her footstool laid;
 And empires were subjected to her sway.
 Her wisdom, and her martial genius rose,
 In tow'ring reputation, to the stars;
 Fame, mounted on her swiftest pinion, spread
 Her glorious deeds, and high atchievements won,
 Where e're the sun his radiant face reveal'd,
 And nations were ambitious in her praise,
 Which should applaud and aggrandize her most!
 But when the love of liberty expir'd,
 That ardent thirst for honour and for fame,
 Which late immortaliz'd her deathless name,
 Quench'd by base pleasures, and voluptuous joys;
 When justice, temp'rance, and sobriety,
 Respect and veneration for the gods;
 Wisdom in senate, valour in the field,
 And all the arts of industry and peace,
 Flourish'd no more within her happy walls;
 (Happy 'ere while, but miserable now)
 Then all her glories totter'd to the ground,
 No more by worth and merit ascertain'd;
 Like some old crazy building undermin'd,
 Or tow'ring oak cut from its roots below,

Conquest no more sat on her waving crest,
And victory resign'd her abject ear.

Effeminacy, cowardice and sloth,

Inglorious indolence, and ease supine;

Tepidity, and narrowness of soul,

Ignoble, grov'ling wishes and desires;

Envy, detraction, hatred, and revenge,

Pernicious entertainments, childish, mean;

Debauchery, corruption, malice, pride,

Curs'd avarice, profusion, and excess,

Deceit, malevolence, and fardid cares,

Immoral practices and low-bred wit,

False puerile honour, and scurrility,

Impiety, and rank absurdities,

Nothing exalted, gen'rous, or humane:

(Alas, BRITANNIA, too, too much thy case!

Too prevalent in thy abandon'd isles !)

Spread like an inundation thro' her streets,

And sunk her fame, opprobrious, in the dust;

Never again to rise on wing sublime,

And visit ev'ry kingdom, ev'ry clime,

Those far remote, as those more near at hand,

From the most distant Indies to the pole;

Emblaz'ning wide her glory as she flies.

For take a view of her degen'rate state,
 A state once famous thro' the then known world,
 For all that can a nation aggrandize,
 But now enslav'd to papal tyranny,
 Ambitious priestcraft, and to blinded zeal,
 Zeal such as hellish superstition breeds,
 And curst enthusiasm, bloody fiend!
 Genius and science has forsook her walls,
 Both once delighted to reside with her;
 And ev'ry art, except that monst'rous one,
 Of torturing and burning for the faith.
 No bosom now glows with the muse's fire,
 Like that which warm'd a Virgil's raptur'd breast;
 Or him whom satire has immortaliz'd.
 No Tully now, that wonder of mankind!
 Shines in the senate, or with thund'ring voice,
 Makes all the Capitol to ring aloud;
 While in full swell of rapid eloquence,
 Manly and chaste, his labour'd pleadings flow;
 And fix'd attention sits on ev'ry face,
 List'ning with rapture, and with mute surprise.
 No Cincinnatus, godlike at the plough,
 No Scipios now adorn her wretched climes.
 Each soul unconscious of exalted thoughts,

Daring

Daring emprises, and illustrious deeds;
 Each arm unstrung for war, and martial toils,
 And glory, fame and freedom all forgot;
 Not one thro' all her feeble state exists,
 Worthy to represent the Roman name,
 The Roman name, in antient times renown'd!
 As wisdom, and as virtue gain'd repute,
 So did her merit more illustrious shine,
 Whether at home, in cabinet, or camp;
 And as their fatal opposites prevail'd,
 Her reputation dwindle'd more and more,
 Till ev'ry print and vestige was defac'd,
 Of all her antient glory, and renown,
 Her wealth, her prowess, and magnificence.

So when the morning's rosy smiles appear,
 The sun, in robes of rich dy'd crimson clad,
 Comes forth, and casts his op'ning splendors round,
 The shades dispers'd tumultuous in their course,
 Just in proportion to his scorching heat.
 By slow degrees he mounts the azure steep,
 His radiant visage dazzling more and more;
 Till he, arriv'd at his meridian throne,
 In all the majesty of light array'd,

Beams forth refulgent glory all around,
 Ten thousand nations basking in his rays,
 And singing loud for joy and vast delight,
 Blest with his kind and genial influence ;
 And nature offers at his golden shrine,
 Unnumber'd births of various use and kind.
 Then as he gently leaves his height august,
 His darting beams lose their resplendent force ;
 And less and less attract the gazing eye,
 Till ev'ry gleam is lost in night profound.
 This is a picture, BRITAIN, drawn for thee,
 Big with importance, and the weightiest truths,
 Oh ! had'st thou but the wisdom to discern !
 Did virtue, industry, and temperance
 Exalt her glory, and her fame so high
 Above the mightiest potentates and kings,
 The envy and the wonder of the world ?
 So will they also aggrandize thy isles,
 Encrease thy riches, and augment thy power,
 And send thy trade to the most distant shore :
 Render thy sons, thy now effeminate sons,
 Illustrious, and distinguish'd ev'ry where,
 For wisdom, and for prudence in resolves,
 Conduct and resolution in the field.

Did

Did luxury, did idleness and sloth,
 Enervate and debase her martial race,
 And sink her daring genius to the dust,
 And bid her reputation tow'r no more ?
 Such too, BRITANNIA, are the fatal ills,
 Ills of the most abhorr'd, distressing kind ;
 That shall o'erwhelm thy wretched, wretched state,
 If characteriz'd by vices such as those ;
 Sully that honour, and that great renown,
 Which all EUROPA glori'd to bestow
 On thee the sov'reign arbitress of war,
 And queen imperial of the billow'd flood ;
 Cast all thy boasted trophies to the ground,
 And make thy very name itself extinct.
 Awake, O BRITON ! hear the patriot call,
 Which loudly importunes thee to be brave,
 And kindles up the soul to war and arms !
 No object that attracts thy fight around,
 But with expressive eloquence entreats
 For property, for freedom, and for fame,
 The full exertion of thy noblest powers,
 And all that valour, all that might can do !
 Here stands a palace, proud in tow'ring height,
 Sublimely rais'd its summits in the air ;

Did

Built

Built up the boast of some artificer,
 There lavish'd all his genius and his art;
 August with pillars, cupola's, and spires,
 And all the proud magnificence of halls,
 And vistas op'ning to transport the eye,
 The eye, which wanders, curious, up and down,
 Lost in the maze of rich variety:
 While ornaments of ev'ry costly kind,
 What gold affords, what Indian silks supply,
 Or stuffs wrought in the loom of nicest frame;
 Large spacious chambers, worthy of a king,
 And lofty ceilings, thick with carv'd device;
 While pictures finish'd with a Raphael's skill,
 Seem to breath forth, and act as life inspir'd:
 Demand, within, attention's closest view.
 This stately edifice, this dome superb,
 Unrival'd, where proud grandeur fits! methinks,
 Addresses thee in these emphatic words.
 Shalt thou, O BRITON! loll in slothful ease,
 Supinely careless, nor with valour fir'd,
 For conquest, and endanger'd liberty;
 While the obdurate foe, with blood-shed stain'd,
 And unrelenting as the hungry wolf,
 Or frantic tyger, roaring for her young,

Stole

Stole by some daring hand; pulls down my tow'rs,
 And tumbles all my beauties to the ground,
 In heaps of undistinguish'd rubbish lost!
 Or kindles up the flame's devouring rage,
 My walls, august, in smoaking ruins laid,
 Which oft have brav'd the tempest's fiercest ire,
 And glitter'd in the sun's refracted beams;
 And turn'd to ashes all my lofty pride.
 Shall shackl'd slaves possess my spacious rooms?
 Shall bloody tyrants dwell beneath my roof,
 Only delighted when with slaughter drunk,
 And wading in the seas of human gore;
 Whose ears, with savage rapture, drink the sound
 (Insatiate greed) of victims in despair,
 And anguish grinning with convulsive pangs?
 Shall superstition plan her impious schemes,
 Black as that hell from whence they have their birth
 Prompted by unrelenting cruelty,
 And in the depths of subtle guile devis'd,
 Envy, and malice, and satanic rage;
 And executed by the ruthless wheel,
 The rope, the dungeon, or the burning stake!
 Within my ample and my princely walls?
 Shall strutting, haughty, supercilious pride,

E

Such

Such as attends ambition, head-strong fiend,
 And despotism, dooming crowds to death,
 That dare be great in freedom's glorious cause,
 And brave the terrors of her sternest frown,
 Disgrace my hospitable mansion? Shame!
 Shall sycophants, shall butterflies, and fops,
 Dress'd in their tinsel trappings; shall buffoons,
 The frog, the garlick, brown-bread-pamper'd wretch,
 Debauch and revel in my sacred halls,
 Sacred to virtue and to liberty!
 Proud of the grandeur of my lordly dome,
 And boasting all my sumptuous furniture;
 Where once the hero and the patriot lodg'd,
 And he whom still his country loud proclaim'd
 Valiant as wise, and good and just as both?
 Shall this, O slumb'ring BRITON, be the case?
 These sad misfortunes, these disasters come,
 The most afflictive ALBION can behold?
 No, rather let thy heart's last drop be shed,
 And in the fight thy ev'ry nerve unstrung,
 With martial toil, and valour's last essay;
 Let death, with all his freezing horrors, glide
 Stiff'ning along, thro' all thy empty veins,
 And, intermitting, seize thy dying pulse,

Staring

Staring indignant in thy closing eye ;
 'Ere that unhappy period arrive.
 And ev'n expiring in the very grasp
 Of death itself, look terror on thy foe,
 Nobly superior, in thy latest groan ;
 And let his haughty barb'rous fury know,
 What thou would'st do, if life once more did brace
 Thy laxate sinew, and enfeebl'd arm !

THERE lies the meadow's wide-extended plain,
 Clad with a carpet of the richest green,
 Wrought in Spring's softest loom ; embroider'd o'er
 With laughing flow'rs of ev'ry scent and hue.
 Yonder the garden spreads her blushing plats,
 To drink the genial influence of the sun,
 And the nutritious particles imbibe,
 That float about, suspended in the air ;
 While liquid treasures of delicious dew,
 With odours pregnant, and ambrosial sweets ;
 Tempt the industrious bee to load his wing,
 And bear the rifl'd fragrance to his cell.

THERE proudly stand the wood's majestic rows
 Of ashes, beeches, limes, and oaks, and elms ;

Forming a shady covert from the sun,
 When splendors, too, too dazzling to behold,
 Beam in full glory from his noon-day lamp :
 High, from its branchy summits, softly breath
 Clear thrilling strains of melting harmony,
 While the sweet warbling linnet sprightly sings,
 And gay-plum'd goldfinch, quiv'ring every note,
 Or thrush, or blackbird, eminent in song ;
 Or while the gentle Philomela pours
 From the close umbrage, conscious of her skill,
 Soft tender music in th' enraptur'd ear,
 Unrival'd minstrel of the vernal shade.

HERE glides the brook, in silver rills, along,
 Now smoothly lucid, o'er the sandy bed,
 When not a murmur strikes the list'ning ear ;
 Now purling, swifter, cross the pebbly strand,
 Gently declining to a steep descent,
 Loquacious as it runs ; now in a pool
 Collected, wide, pellucid, and profound ;
 While in its pearly bosom heav'n descends,
 Seen by reflection, ting'd with deepest blue ;
 And trees and flow'ry bushes, rang'd along

Its

Its grassy margin, view themselves anew,
Still ev'ry leaf, or waving in the wind.

METHINKS each meadow, as I pass along,
Assumes a tongue, and thus expostulates :
Ah ! shall my verdant glory be deform'd
By purple tides of savage butchery,
And the mad fury of the tyrant's hand ?
Shall my fair offspring, these enamel'd flow'rs !
Drink the red streams of human blood profuse,
Instead of lucid showers from the skies,
Or balmy dew born on the ev'ning's wing ?
Shall the gay swain, or lovely nymph, no more,
When eastern blushes gild the mountain's top,
Or when the sun smiles from the glowing west ;
Delight to walk along my laughing green,
Cropping the daisies bright with twinkling dew !
Or gently trip my velvet down no more
In the gay measures of the rural dance ;
Each bosom glowing with delight and love,
Each face suffus'd with nature's finest blush,
The blush of health, rosy as yonder morn ?
Shall this pure stream, which, now, translucent flows,
Where twice ten thousand chrystal globules float,
Dancing

Dancing and sparkling in the lambent beams,
 Which burst from yonder skies, cerulean vault;
 And where the hind oft took the healthful draught,
 More healthful than the vine's nectareous juice,
 While it, in gurgling rills, stole by my side;
 Shall it be swell'd with tides of floating gore,
 And reek with streams of blood from thousands slain?
 Shall these soft zephyrs, now, upon their wings,
 Carrying the rich effluvias of the spring,
 And breathing odours of the fragrant bed!
 Waft thro' the air the stench of clotted corps,
 And loathsome vapours of corrupted wounds?
 Shall yonder echo, vocal, now, with love,
 And grateful anthems of exalted praise,
 To heav'n's eternal sov'reign! and the songs,
 And melting strains, repeating of the groves,
 Responsive, mellowing ev'ry tuneful note!
 Make all her hollow caverns loud resound
 With shouts of tumult, anguish, and despair,
 With shrieks of tortur'd, gasping innocence,
 And groans, elapsive from the parting soul!
 Reverberating ev'ry dreadful sound,
 To shock the stoutest heart, and deafest ear?
 BRITON, shall these abhorrent scenes take place?

These

These formidable and distressing ills,
 And thou behold them with indiff'rent eyes,
 Closely embrac'd by slumber's folding arms,
 Intoxicated by her opiate draught?
 No, no; awake, for shame! assert the man,
 The man of valour, and the patriot firm,
 The hero and the Christian, glorious names!
 And duteous subject to the best of kings,
 That e'er before on nature's stage appear'd,
 Or ever sat upon the BRITISH throne!

SHALL none of all these motives claim regard,
 These interesting images describ'd;
 These great incentives to illustrious deeds,
 And actions worthy of our pristine name,
 And all the glory from our fires deriv'd!
 Which the industrious muse, with ardent zeal,
 Has strove to place, O BRITON, in thy view?
 There yet remains one most effectual way,
 Infallible as light to chase away
 The gloomy shades of night, or fire to warm;
 Go to thy God, low-bended on the knee
 Of penitential sorrow, and concern,
 For past offences; and of purpose fixt,

And

And steady resolution, by his aid,
 To change thy manners for the time to come,
 And act observant of his righteous laws.
 Let this determination be sincere,
 And unaffected, in each BRITISH heart,
 And ALBION still shall triumph o'er her foes,
 And be th' unrival'd mistress of the world.
 And O! to this what pressing motives call,
 The muse, in her next labour, shall declare.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

[4]

T H E
P A T R I O T.
B O O K II.

WELL may the muse in Cato's words exclaim,
" O liberty! O virtue! O my country!"

My country once the empress of the world,
The nursery of sciences and arts,
And bright restorer of the golden age!
The native land of great and godlike men,
No less for wisdom and experience fam'd,
Clear reasoning, and judgment how profound!
In the illustrious senate; than for souls
Bold, valiant, and magnanimous in fight;
Infinitely superior to toil,
And all the hardships incident in war;
When freedom, glory, and religion call'd!
My country grac'd (O memorable time,
And deathless in the rolls of future fame!)

F

By

By Edwards, Marlboroughs, and by Henrys ;
 By Ruffels, Howards, Torringtons, and Drakes,
 Raleighs, and all the royal noble band
 Of senators, of statesmen, and of kings,
 And worthies, drest in sacerdotal robes ;
 Whose fame, whose worth and merit far transcend
 Whate'er in antient histories is told,
 Or ev'n by poet's warmest fancy feign'd ;
 Of Sparta, Athens, Carthage, or of Rome !
 Distinguish'd wonders of the human race !

O LIBERTY ! first of the gifts of heaven,
 Not to be purchas'd by Peruvian mines,
 By di'monds sparkling on their native rock,
 Or all the costly treasures of the east !
 For want of thee, life is a gewgaw toy,
 And scarcely worth th' ambition of a thought ;
 A dream of blis, without one real taste,
 One solid scene of rational delight,
 Calm satisfaction or substantial good !
 Thou art a blessing evermore held dear,
 While life itself and property are so,
 And ev'ry valu'd good, by ALBION's isles !

A blessing bought, ev'n in the fields of death,
 Millions of heroes victims in thy cause;
 And handed down, secure, from age to age,
 Tho' at the cost of rivers of her blood,
 Her richest blood, and mountains of her slain,
 The noblest, best, and greatest of her sons!
 O may'st thou be perpetuated still,
 Down to the most remote posterity;
 Till yonder sun emits his latest ray,
 And sees thee the chief glory of her land,
 And richest gem in her imperial crown,
 The dread, as well as envy of the world!

O VIRTUE! native seraph of the skies,
 The darling both of angels and of gods;
 Thy breast all mercy, gentleness, and love,
 Thy face suffused with a heav'nly smile,
 Rosy as yonder damask blushing morn!
 Thy train, contentment, innocence, and peace,
 Delightful transports, lasting, and serene,
 And pure, as those above th' empyrean courts;
 Exalted thoughts, and contemplation, rais'd
 High on a car of fire, fleet as the wind,
 To visit nature, and explore each part;

Each passion elevated and refin'd!
 Estrang'd to thee, ev'n liberty itself
 Cannot BRITANNIA's island aggrandize!
 Without thee, all the splendors of a crown,
 The palaces and structures of the great,
 Embroider'd canopies, and golden roofs,
 Boundless estates, and costly banquets, weigh,
 Put in the balance, but the smallest grain;
 With indigence, obscurity, and cots,
 Where humble swains, and rustic shepherds dwell,
 Their beds a wholesome heap of chaff or straw,
 Only perhaps the earth's expanded lap;
 Their meat the homely produce of the ground,
 Fruits, herbs, and roots, their drink the gurgling stream,
 And all their wishes center in a field;
 Where thou resid'st, still eminent in smiles!
 For want of thee, now ev'ry BRITON sinks
 Beneath the chain of luxury and vice,
 (Inglorious chain, and worst of servitudes!)
 Nor ever thinks that he is bound at all;
 Tho' not a galley-slave that tuggs the oar,
 Tho' not a wretch that digs the quarry'd mine,
 In truth is more emphatically so!
 This is the malady, this the disease

That

That spreads its poison thro' his tainted veins,
 And quenches ev'ry spark of patriot fire,
 And breathes unusual languor thro' his frame,
 Which blunts the sense of honour and renown,
 And on his arm hangs, like a deadly weight,
 Forbidding it to strike some glorious blow,
 Big with the birth of victory and fame !
 While o'er our isles the haughty foe triumphs,
 O'er BRITONS, free-born BRITONS, Englishmen,
 The subjects of their ridicule and taunt;
 And all our vast possessions ly expos'd,
 Our trade, our colonies and Indian wealth,
 To their rapacious villainy and greed.
 For can the patriot muse restrain her flight,
 Nor stretch her pinions o'er the midland main,
 With all the speed affection can supply,
 Love for her freedom, country, and her king ;
 To view the ravages of hostile Gaul,
 That drinker of the blood of human kind,
 In the new world, sad feat of bloody war ?
 AMERICA, ah poor, unhappy place !
 The scene of ruthless butchery and death,
 Lawless ambition, and infuriate rage,
 And demoniac cruelty and pride !

Thy

Thy rich plantations levell'd with the ground,
 And all thy colonies ranfack'd, or burn'd
 To ashes, in the mad devouring flame !
 Thy ev'ry hill refounding to the voice
 Of hardship, of oppreffion, and of chains,
 Of piercing shrieks, and lamentable cries,
 From planters, and from families destroy'd,
 Buſi'd ere while, in harmleſs induſtry,
 How to improve their acres, and augment
 Their ſcanty treaſures with increaſe of wealth ;
 Gaſping beneath the poniard's reeking point,
 Bloodthirſty, in their heaving boſoms fixt ;
 Or ſlaughter'd like the heifer in the ſtall,
 By the keen faulchion, or the ſcalping knife,
 All ſtain'd and ſmoaking from their tepid brains ;
 While ſkulls, diſſever'd arms, and limbs all torn,
 And mangl'd with huge gaſhes, ſtrew'd around,
 And ſtaring features, ghafly, and deform'd,
 Seem to cry out, Revenge ! Revenge ! Revenge !
 Speedy revenge for complicated acts
 Of plunder, maſſacre, and blood and death,
 Lawleſs ambition, and infatiate greed,
 All ſuch as ſtimulate the reſtleſs Gaul,
 That ſavage, obdurate, rapacious foe ;

That

That scourge of mankind for their daring crimes,
 And instrument of God's tremendous wrath,
 And fiery indignation, burning hot
 Against the guilty nations; he himself
 The lowest funk in wickedness and guilt,
 And ev'ry sin that damns an impious state.
 And tho' the engine of his ire divine,
 By which it plays, and scatters ruin round,
 And horrid desolation, towns entire
 And fruitful plains, one wide promiscuous heap
 Of graves, with carnage fill'd, and bloody corps,
 Just victims to their villainies and crimes,
 And curst abominations; (to himself,
 The hated minister of plague, unknown)
 Mark'd for destruction, remed'less, and sure,
 When full his cup, in the result of things,
 And executed all that heav'n decrees.

Just so the fox, that cruel, artful thief,
 (Roams from his den) impatient for his prey;
 And slyly enters where the well fed-cock,
 Full in his waving gaudy plumage drest,
 Th' unrival'd monarch of the treasur'd yard;
 With all his cackling fam'ly, roosting, fit,

Alas,

Alas, not high enough to be secure !
 And while they sleep beneath their cov'ring wing,
 No danger dreaded, no ferocious knave,
 Licking his lips with keenness to devour :
 He seizes one by one the harmless fowls,
 Feasting delicious on their trembling limbs,
 And tepid entrails panting as he tears.
 But when nigh gorg'd his greedy appetite,
 And all his teeth soak'd in the recent gore,
 And half-chew'd morsels dropping from his jaw,
 Now tir'd with crushing bones, and churning blood,
 The master of the house, struck with the noise,
 Shrill issuing from the squeaking victims seiz'd,
 Well weeting what it means, and warn'd from heav'n;
 Steals with a gun, or cudgel in his hand,
 Softly along, till caught the bloody thief
 Rioting amidst a heap of broken joints,
 Meets with a fate he erst to thousands gave ;
 Beat out his brains upon the spatter'd ground ;
 Or by the ball laid breathless, chok'd in gore.

Ah can the muse behold these bleeding woes !
 These sad misfortunes and calamities !
 These overflowings of the bitterest cup,

That

That e'er before was drunk by human kind ;
 A cup, malignant, brought from Gallia's coast,
 Gallia, a name which rouses ev'ry thought,
 Each formidable image in the breast,
 That dungeons and barbarity imply !
 The tender-hearted sympathizing muse,
 The muse but interested too, too much !
 Nor heave the deepest groan she has in store,
 Nor weep till all the fountains of her eyes,
 Are quite exhausted of their briny floods ?
 Shall Englishmen, shall BRITONS view these scenes,
 With unaffected unimpassion'd eyes ?
 The stones shall then, and things inanimate,
 Cry out, and curse their lazy dastard souls,
 Supine indifference, and lethargic sloth ;
 And earth and skies brand with eternal shame,
 Their ignominious and inglorious names.
 But O ! if motives, and if arguments,
 All pregnant with persuasive eloquence ;
 Can claim regard, and fire your icy souls,
 (For these again the muse must once run o'er,)
 A laudable and glorious thirst for fame,
 (Such fame as angels would themselves acquire,
 And think their most intrinsic honour wrought,)

Gain'd in the cause of ev'ry valu'd good,
 Truth, freedom, property, attractive names !
 That close attachment, and sincere esteem,
 Affection, duty, and warm gratitude,
 Which parents, friends, and dear relations claim,
 Our children, our possessions, nay our all !
 Exert yourselves, be resolute and brave,
 And arm, and fight, and fall in their defence !
 Banish all party-spirit from your breasts,
 All selfish interests, and contracted views,
 Private resentments, and contentious strife,
 And all ambition, but to raise the state.
 Form one vast body, formidably great,
 Unanimous, collected in your selves.
 Then France shall bend her stiff and haughty neck,
 Low tumbl'd from her pinnacle of pride,
 And tow'ring mountain of presumptuous hopes ;
 Submissively, beneath the British yoke,
 And rattle in your iron shackles bound.
 For while cabals, and factious fury reigns,
 And ev'ry individual, ardent, strives
 To aggrandize himself, and wealth acquire,
 Abstracted, ah ! from the community,
 The gen'ral welfare, and utility ;

While

While vice prevails with domineering sway,
 And silly, weak, and impious men bear rule;
 As well you may expect to lift a rock
 With the slim texture of a spider's web,
 Or with a wafer dam the ocean in;
 As to subdue and triumph o'er your foes.
 Behold yon aggregate of sand; how deep,
 How solid, how compact, and firm it stands!
 Mocking the frantic tempest's sweeping blast,
 And all the tow'ring billows furious rage!
 But if dispers'd upon the naked shore,
 In light and circling eddies it ascends,
 If but a breeze curls o'er the dimpling flood,
 Or gently moves the current of the air.
 So BRITONS, gen'rous BRITONS, if one soul,
 Determin'd and agreed, shall actuate
 Your daring breasts, and swell your social hopes;
 One common good and public int'rest, built,
 And firm supported by true patriot zeal,
 Virtue, religion, and by liberty;
 Not all the prowess of ten thousand states,
 Assembl'd legions, and confed'rate arms,
 Of EUROPE join'd, (and much less France herself,)
 Shall e'er prevail, or e'er your cause defeat.

But if by faction, and by party torn,
 Domestic broils, and dire dissensions, big
 With civil ruin, and intestine war;
 If disunited and detach'd; if men
 Of shallow intellects, and sordid views,
 And corrupt, mercenary, rotten hearts,
 Sit at the helm, and touch the springs of state;
 The weakest foe that draws the flaming blade,
 Or points the cannon, loaded to destroy,
 Shall then o'erturn your squadrons in the field,
 And conquer and triumph where'er they march;
 Branding your arms with cowardice and shame.
 Your very councils shall defeat themselves,
 Your skill and wisdom turn'd to foolishness,
 And all your expeditions plann'd in vain,
 O! then, let unanimity inspire,
 Mutual agreement, and strict amity,
 Your various councils, projects, and resolves.
 Dare to assert yourselves; BRITONS, once more,
 Act as you ever, ever did before!
 Then some bold scheme, with skill and wisdom stamp'd,
 Big with importance and decisive fate,
 Eminently productive of the good,
 The general good of ALBION's happy isles,
 And

And fraught with glory and immortal praise,
 Shall crown your arms, and victory insure,
 Surprize all EUROPE and consume your foes !
 France then shall own your all-subduing sword,
 Depress'd her vaunting genius to the earth,
 Late domineering, turbulent and wild ;
 And all her offspring humbl'd in the dust ;
 No more destructive quarrels to foment,
 Increase chagrin, and umbrages augment,
 By emissaries and incendiaries, sprung
 From the profoundest gulphs of hell itself,
 Corruption, and curst bribery, (O gold,
 Canst thou to serve such monstrous ends descend !)
 Knave'ry, detraction, perjury, and lies.
 No more to bluster with vain arrogance,
 And challenge all EUROPE to the field ;
 Vague rhodomontades, impotent as bold !
 To aggravate affronts like molehills small,
 Till they assume the mountain's daring height,
 And set confed'rate princes by the ears.
 She smiling, horrid, like a fiend, to see
 (Herself the cause, the curst malignant cause,)
 Oceans of blood pour o'er the hostile field,
 And hills of mangl'd carcases arise ;

Skulls,

Skulls, arms, and legs, and brains, and bowels pil'd
 In one promiscuous, reeking, dismal heap !
 To see whole countries made one barren waste,
 Depopulated of inhabitants ;
 Pale desolation haunting ev'ry place,
 Horror, and gloom, and famine in her looks;
 Only delighted in the trackless wild,
 Sonorous to the savage as he roams,
 And wounds the ear with his appalling roar ;
 Or stalking in the mountain's keen-air'd top,
 Crown'd with eternal frosts and pinching colds,
 And white all o'er in robes of fleecy snow ;
 Toads, asps, and serpents her continual food,
 Or poison gather'd from the noxious weed ;
 Her drink the recent blood of victims slain,
 Her bed the summit of the pointed rock,
 Where rainy boist'rous storms, incessant, roar,
 And huge deep mountain billows lash and spurn !
 Sad desolation, only then best pleas'd,
 When heard the groans of torment and despair,
 The yells and howlings of infernal fiends,
 And screams, and shrieks of spectres, and of ghosts.
 The icy whistlings of the shiv'ring breeze,
 And noise of owls, of ravens, and of bats !

Blest

Blest to stride o'er the churchyard's lonely walks,
 'Midst tombs, and graves, and gloomy sepulchres ;
 Charm'd to converse with coffins, shrouds, and bones ;
 The ruin'd building, and the empty street,
 And read the monumental characters
 Here lies !————

This is a monster France delights to send
 Among the nations, if herself secure,
 And cover'd with her mantle of disguise,
 And guilty cloak of purple villainy ;
 Carnage wide wasting with her sword before,
 Wading up to the knee in blood and gore,
 Or mounting piles of slaughter'd bodies rais'd !
 So looks the wolf, with wild delight inspir'd,
 When he forsook the desert's rueful shades,
 Stands, sternly proud, triumphant in the fold ;
 The guiltless flock, lanigerous, around,
 Some breathless cruelly mangl'd and deform'd ;
 Others in all the agonies of pain,
 Bleeding, and panting, groaning, and expiring,
 Perhaps, below his paw's relentless grip,
 Nigh tired out, and blunt with butchery ;
 Or feebly bleating for the shepherd's aid,
 The shepherd's aid, ah, now, alas ! in vain !

Melts

Melts not each heart with pity and concern?
 And weeps not ev'ry eye ev'n tears of blood?
 Can such a sight the flock'd attention fix,
 Nor ev'ry breast heave with convulsive grief?

AND, BRITONS, want you arguments to prove,
 The absolute necessity to join
 In harmony and concord, to repel
 Invading might, and swell the brazen trump,
 With persevering valour's noblest note;
 That fires the soul to wake defensive war,
 And stand the champions of fair liberty,
 Of virtue, and the temples of our God?
 Bright vict'ry calls, imperial, warlike maid,
 Mounted sublime upon her martial steed,
 Prancing and foaming from the bloody charge,
 Palms in her hand, and clad in burnish'd steel,
 'Midst acclamations, and tumultuous din,
 Rending th' echoing sky, of loud huzzas;
 And loaded with the spoils of conquer'd states.
 Religion too commands, celestial dame,
 Ten thousand beauties cent'ring in her name;
 Eternal scenes of rapture and delight,
 Applause and honour, waiting on her smiles,

And

And
 She,
 Sober
 To b
 No m
 No m
 Or un
 When
 Peace
 Reign

O
 Illu
 Where
 And a
 Warbl
 Thou
 Ever u
 For fa
 And si
 In the
 Did B
 And e
 How a

And crowns of glory sparkling on her head;
 She, she entreats you to be wise and good,
 Sober, discreet, and temperate, and just;
 To banish vice, to her infernal pow'r
 No more, ignobly, fetter'd and enslav'd;
 No more forbid to form the daring scheme,
 Or undertake the arduous enterprize,
 Whence glory, and whence honour shall redound,
 Peace, happiness, and plenty, sisters all;
 Reigning secure, thro' all BRITANNIA's isles!

O GRATITUDE! thou first of graces fair,
 Illustrious native of th' empyrean courts,
 Where GOD resides in majesty unveil'd,
 And angels tune his praise on golden lyres,
 Warbling celestial harmony divine!
 Thou inbred virtue of the noble mind;
 Ever uneasy if the debt unpaid,
 For favours, and for benefits receiv'd;
 And smiling with unutterable joy,
 In the returns of friendship and of love!
 Did BRITAIN own thee as her sacred guide,
 And ever act consistent with thy plan,
 How amiable, and benevolent!

Vice still would fly, gigantic fiend, abash'd,
 With all her hideous and audacious train,
 Nor more corrupt her happy, happy land!
 And can it be, O ALBION! can it be,
 Impossible; OBLIVION, O make haste,
 And bury it in everlasting night,
 A truth that blushes to behold the sun!
 Can it, O how the muse with horror shrinks,
 Trembling and pale, the secret to divulge!
 A secret, said she? would to heav'n it were!
 No, but a fact conspicuous as the day;
 Can it be said, that this transcendent grace,
 Which stamps alone the angel on the man,
 And in his nature hides ten thousand faults;
 Is (O disgraceful) laugh'd at or forgot?
 That few can boast that darling in their breast,
 Of all BRITANNIA's highly favour'd sons;
 Tho' none in all the world's extensive round,
 From the remotest Indies to the Pole;
 Ought to be more distinguish'd by her charms,
 More punctual to the duties she requires?
 For O! the muse is lost in depth of thought,
 So many facts and images occur,
 Big with conviction, as with horror big;

Ten thousand periods crowding on her mind,
 When he who mounts the pinions of the wind,
 And sits upon the circle of the skies,
 All nature open to his searching eye;
 Declar'd himself her guardian and friend,
 Zealous of all her liberties and rights,
 Her dignity, her sceptre, and her laws.

How oft have foreign foes, with hostile league,
 With murderous intention plann'd their force,
 Their force by far superior in the field,
 To any she or her allies could form;
 If numbers can denominate it so?
 Oft have they storm'd her cities and her forts,
 Ranfack'd her treasures, towns to ashes turn'd,
 And strew'd her streets with heaps of mangl'd slain.
 Oft have they too, with daring insolence,
 Equipt their fleets, mann'd with their stoutest troops,
 Confed'rate fleets, with every thunder arm'd;
 And clear'd the azure kingdom as they flew,
 Of ev'ry foe who durst oppose their course;
 Made them their slaves submissive to their pow'r,
 Or sunk them with their cannon in the deep.
 Oft have they come ev'n to her sea-girt shore,

H 2

And

And threaten'd instant ruin to her isles,
 Their bursting engines roaring on her strand.
 But still as oft th' almighty LORD of Hosts !
 Who whirls the bolt, tremendous, in his hand,
 That rattles loud, convulsive, thro' the air ;
 And rolls the forky light'ning cros the sky !
 Defeated all their projects and their schemes,
 And in derision held those sons of blood !

OFT has he bid the low'ring sky condense,
 And universal horror spread abroad ;
 While the black storm, collected, rapid, loud,
 Sweeps thro' the vaulted region of the skies,
 And sinks their scatter'd gallies in the deep ;
 Or dashes them upon the pointed rock,
 Skill, courage, strength, exerted all in vain !
 Or made a few of her imperial ships,
 Mann'd with a chosen set of heroes brave,
 Silence the roaring thunder of their guns,
 And make them strike, subdu'd their hostile flags !
 Oft has he bore her conqu'ring squadrons on,
 Against superior numbers of their foes,
 Elate with conquest, mad with furious zeal,
 And rais'd up mountains of their dastard slain ;

Till

Till victory her loudest trumpet blew,
 And gave the honour of the vanquish'd field,
 To ALBION great in martial deeds and toils;
 Conspicuous more their fall and overthrow,
 And more productive of distinguish'd fame;
 Since by success their numbers greater grew,
 Their valour and their courage were confirm'd,
 And resolution steel'd their breasts the more!
 Just as the God of battle smil'd or frown'd,
 By whom kings reign, and princes right decree!
 BRITANNIA made her foes to lick the dust,
 And bore the trophies from th' embattl'd field;
 Or fled before the enemy, subdu'd,
 Forc'd to acknowledge their superior arm.
 Her fortitude surmounted ev'ry toil,
 And whelm'd destruction on the adverse ranks,
 The adverse ranks, unable to sustain
 The mighty onset; or her courage fail'd,
 And melted like the wax before the sun,
 As he approv'd her righteous cause, and fought,
 Propitious, on her side; or disapprov'd,
 And from her troops his potent aid withdrew.
 So have I seen two adverse hives engage,
 (If great things may with smaller be compar'd,)
 High floating in the regions of the air;

When

When stilly calmness lull'd the blue expanse :
 And if the king led not his pinion'd troops,
 Known by his hue all glossy in the sun ;
 The other side, victorious, soon prevail'd,
 Fir'd by his royal presence ; while a show'r
 Of breathless bodies strew the plain below.
 But if by chance the monarch ~~be~~ appears,
 They soon, anew, assault their conqu'ring foes,
 And, in their turn, send numbers to the ground,
 Till buzzing wings the triumph won proclaim.

OFT has rebellion drawn her impious sword,
 Monster detested, bloody, and accurs'd !
 Against her rightful sovereign and lord ;
 Oft has she rang'd her squadrons on the plain,
 And laid her fields and fruitful vallies waste,
 Laughing, ere while, in luxury of dress,
 The richest flow'ry summer could afford,
 Or golden harvest nodding beauties give !

OFT has dire persecution (Dæmon fell)
 The elder born of hell's malignant brood,
 With all the furies in her raging breast ;
 Made ev'ry lane and crowded street to flow
 With tepid streams of purple blood and gore.

Fixt

Fixt to the post her rev'rend men to burn,
 Amidst the torture of the raging flames,
 Their starting eyeballs bursting in their heads;
 Or stretcht them on the rack's infernal screws,
 Till bloody drops distill'd from ev'ry joint,
 And agony and torment, most acute,
 Grinn'd in each face, and rent their heaving lungs!
 Ript up their matrons, (O enormous fiends)
 Their panting bowels reeking on the ground,
 Their childrens brains dash'd out before their eyes;
 While groans of anguish, horror and despair,
 Deepen around, and shock the wounded ear;
 And desolation universal spreads!
 But in the midst of this their mad career,
 He who looks down on kingdoms from on high,
 As grains of sand; and all the sons of men,
 As abject emmits creeping on the ground:
 Anxious for ALBION's liberties and rights,
 Pull'd them down headlong from their lawless throne,
 Rais'd up by pride, ambition, spite, and hell,
 And took the thirsty jav'lin from their hands,
 Plunging it deep in their infernal breasts;
 Relieving, thus, her islands on the brink
 Of imminent destruction, threat'ning long;

And

And hurling them, atrocious savages,
 To the abyſſes of eternal woe,
 Where devils, fiends, and damned ſpirits howl,
 From whence they came to ſet a world on fire !

BRITONS, are theſe not motives to demand,
 Loudly demand, with the moſt preſſing voice
 Of earneſt importunity, to drive,
 And baniſh vice from all BRITANNIA'S iſles,
 With ev'ry crime attendant in her train ?
 Can gratitude poſſeſs the human breaſt,
 For higher favours, more tranſcendent acts
 Of guardianship, of favour, and of love,
 Than theſe the muſe has ſounded in your ears ?
 Theſe, tho' peculiar, wonderful and great,
 Are equall'd yet by others to be nam'd.
 Have you forgot imperial LISBON'S fate,
 Once how illuſtrious flouriſhing and great ?
 Wealth in her coffers pour'd its richeſt ſtore,
 Silver, and gold, and pearls, and ſilks, and ſtuffs ;
 While num'rous fleets expand their glist'ring ſails,
 Waſting the treaſures of each diſtant clime,
 Till India was exhausted for her marts.
 All that auguſt magnificence could give,

What

What elegance, and luxury of taste,
 Domes, palaces, and temples how superb !
 Till art and genius could affect no more ;
 Was eminently hers, and hers alone.
 But yet she fell a victim to her crimes,
 Her crimes, indeed, of most enormous size ;
 In vain supported by her heaps of wealth,
 In vain defended by her pow'rful arm.
 Methinks I see all sunk in festive mirth,
 In slothful ease and indolence supine,
 (Such, BRITAIN, now as reign thro' all thy isles,
 O may they not forebode such dreadful ills !)
 The sage, in sacerdotal robes array'd,
 The nobleman, the commoner, and clown,
 Indulging universal joy and wine ;
 Music, harmonious, warbling thro' each street,
 From instruments of ev'ry note and string,
 Till wanton taste and fancy wish'd no more.
 Methinks I see the sun, imperial orb,
 Arriv'd, sublime, at his meridian throne,
 Dart down refulgent splendors all around ;
 Serene the air from ev'ry ruffling breeze,
 And not a cloud his radiance to obscure.
 Behold the sea, struck by his piercing rays ;

What sparkling glories sport amusive there,
 To fix the dazzl'd eye, in wonder lost !
 A silver pavement smooth as yonder sky.
 Now see his beams play on the glit'ring spires,
 Or wanton lambent on the slated dome,
 Or palace, bright with gilded ornaments ;
 Now, sportive, dance, reflected on the stream,
 The lucid stream, while Tagus flows along,
 Majestic Tagus, broad, profound, and flow ;
 Ten thousand gallies floating on his wave,
 Freight'd with merchandize of ev'ry kind,
 Their flags and pendants glit'ring in the sun ;
 While groves, pomacious, grace his verdant banks,
 Lofty and fill'd with ev'ry fragrant scent,
 In his translucent bosom seen anew.
 O what a scene ! how lavish of delight !
 How full of beauties to attract the eye,
 To swell with rapture ev'ry thrilling vein,
 And fix the eye in wonder's steady gaze !
 And can it be the harbinger of woe,
 The most o'erwhelming and distressing ills,
 That human nature ever felt or bore ?
 It can, and is ; this charming prospect courts
 Th' admiring view, with a short gleam of joy,

To

To fill with horror, and with grief anon:
 The sun, prophetic, shines, unclouded, down,
 As if to tell the world, how vain the smiles,
 With mis'ry and delusion how replete!
 Of fortune, riches, and prosperity,
 And all that blinded man counts dear below;
 If not attended with inherent worth,
 Such worth as virtue and religion prize,
 And something more than an external show;
 Which charms indeed the transient eye a while,
 But, dastard, leaves us to our wretched selves,
 When danger, trouble, and alarm assail,
 And bleak adversity with horror glooms:
 When outward judgments from the skies descend,
 The irritated, and offended skies;
 Or inward tumults plague the guilty breast.
 So when launch'd out into the deep profound,
 A solemn stillness holds the stagnate air,
 Danger and ruin seeming far remote;
 And not a breeze is seen to play along,
 Before the squall, or rapid whirlwind, come,
 Frantic, resistless, from the boist'rous north,
 In sweeping eddies o'er the swelling waves:
 While rattling thunders play their engines loud,

And streamy lightning flashes thro' the sky;
 The splinter'd masts in scatter'd fragments float,
 And shatter'd bottoms founder, bulge and sink;
 Groans, shrieks, and piercing cries in concert join'd,
 A shocking concert, pregnant with despair!

HAVE you forgot that kind paternal hand,
 Which stopt the progress of the rushing woe?
 That word, that mandate of divine import,
 Which nothing can, or cancel, or gainsay;
 That bade the earth's foundations stand unmov'd,
 Nor shake a corner of BRITANNIA'S isles?
 Was it her merit, or her high deserts,
 By virtue and religion ascertain'd;
 That thus induc'd the sov'reign of the skies
 To stand her firm protector and her friend?
 No, it was goodness! goodness without bounds!
 Amazing goodness! goodness all divine!

AND look you on it as a trivial thing,
 A thing of no importance or avail?
 Blinded indiff'rence! worse than crimes themselves,
 Had you been present at that fatal hour;
 Had you beheld the lofty structures fall,
 Spires,

Spires, pond'rous gavels, cupolas, and roofs,
 In one promiscuous heap of rubbish lost ;
 Scores upon scores of gasping wretches crush'd,
 Grinning in all the poignancy of pain ;
 Skulls, arms, and legs, a mangl'd, shocking sight !
 Beneath the load of walls, in mountains laid ;
 The gasping mother, with the sucking child,
 The guest, the wife, the husband and the friend,
 Rich, rustic, noble, poor, and high, and low,
 Helpless, all helpless ! all, alas, consign'd
 To one most dreadful, and tremendous fate !
 Crowds, num'rous crowds, distraction in their looks,
 In ev'ry feature pictur'd keen despair,
 Anguish, astonishment, remorse and guilt,
 Running thro' ev'ry street, and ev'ry lane,
 With hopes to find a refuge or retreat,
 A sculking hole to hide in, but in vain !
 Had you seen these accumulated woes,
 Where all description, and where language fails !
 This aggregate of horrors beyond thought !
 What sentiments would then inspire your breast ?
 What images terrific to the mind ?
 And these, believe her, that the muse has sung,
 Altho' so formidable to the eye,

And

And big with scenes of terror and amaze;
 Are trifles, scarcely once to be compar'd,
 As to the sun a spark struck from a flint;
 With what that awful period did present.
 For who in proper numbers can describe
 Th' almighty sov'reign of the universe,
 Sternly array'd in all the awful pomp
 Of terror, and tremendous wrath divine;
 Vengeance and judgment following as his train!
 Shaking the hills and mountains from below,
 And with his stamp convulsing nature's frame,
 Making the earth's foundations inly quake?
 Where can such energy of words be found,
 Such adequate expressions, as to paint
 The guilt, surprise, conviction, and remorse,
 The dismal prospects, and distracting thoughts,
 Heart panging anguish, and tumultuous shrieks,
 Of cities tumbling down in vivid flames,
 Ten thousands groaning underneath their crush,
 Hopeless and friendless, deaf the pitying skies!
 And danger, death, and horror all around?

THE muse, BRITANNIA, has prolong'd her song,
 Perhaps, been too diffusive, and verbose,

A fault to be excus'd, since thou the theme ;
 On these disastrous and afflicting woes.
 And shall she all the inferences draw,
 The sage reflections and the just remarks,
 Which might be drawn to thy intrinsic gain ?
 No ; these will ev'ry candid breast inform,
 Emancipate from prepossession's chains ;
 And not enslav'd to vice and joys impure.
 These, worthy BRITONS, will your souls inflame,
 With gratitude to him who form'd the world,
 And ALBION with a smile of mercy view'd,
 When Lisbon felt the terrors of his frown,
 And groan'd beneath the stroke of his almighty hand ?
 One says, perhaps, that these dire ills have ceas'd,
 No more diffuse alarm and ruin round ?
 Most true ; but soon, alas ! how soon may he,
 Who first such laws on nature's frame inscrib'd,
 Such principles and properties most wise ;
 As now and then, consistent with his plan,
 Should have for constant such and such effects ;
 Stamp with his foot, or nod his awful brow,
 And send the earthquake's dreadful plagues abroad ;
 Wrapt up horrid in a cloud of smoke,
 Forth issuing from their jaws enormous gape.

Ex-

Expanded wide to swallow and devour,
 And bury in their darksome womb profound,
 Towns, cities, empires, nay whole continents,
 And thine, and thine, O ALBION ! with the rest ?
 Nay more than these, as dreadful and severe ;
 BRITONS, if vice shall still predominate,
 Still more and more intrall you to her charms,
 Her charms, more fatal than the syren's voice :
 Famine, with hagard looks, and hollow eyes,
 Lurid and ghastly, may, by heav'n's command,
 One of its vengeful ministers of wrath,
 Blow forth her arid pois'nous breath around,
 With'ring the verdant glory of the vale,
 Where once the swain, with raptur'd eyes, beheld
 His lowing herd, or bleating lambkins browse ;
 Chanting a song made on his darling nymph,
 Or playing softly on the mellow reed !
 Famine may come, and with her keys fast lock
 The chrystal cisterns of the skies, from whence
 No kind refreshing showers shall descend,
 No trickling dew, on lucid pinions born ;
 To moisten and to saturate the earth ;
 The earth, now parch'd and dry'd in ev'ry pore,
 No genial juices, no enliv'ning salts,

Quick

Quick circulating thro' her parent veins!
 Pale pestilence, tremendous deity!
 Another of thy messengers of death;
 (O who would forfeit thy protecting care!
 Who rouse th' almighty thunderer to arms!)
 May mount the wing, terrific, of the wind,
 And in her flight o'er ALBION's fated isles,
 Scatter contagious mischief all around,
 Destructive plague, and baneful influence;
 While ev'ry street is strow'd with breathless corps
 With lothsom smells polluting all the air,
 And nought but coffins, shrouds and graves are seen,
 And frightful images of wild despair!
 The parent shrieking for the child no more,
 The child in tears the tender parent gone!
 The husband smote with grief, intensely keen,
 To see the partner of his life expire;
 The wife, distracted, tearing up her hair,
 Her lord, her husband, stretch'd a stiff cold trunk!
 The guest, the friend, pale lumps of mould'ring clay,
 All crying out for aid, with straining tongues,
 (O melting energy) but all in vain!
 All wishing to assist, but helpless all!
 Their bosoms warm'd with gratitude no more,

No more with sentiments of tenderness,
Affection, duty, friendship, or of love!

BUT yet, apart from these disastrous ills,
Ills of another kind as great impend;
See war in armour stain'd with purple gore,
Stride with gigantic steps across the field,
The field all glitt'ring with the harness'd troops;
While at his side the bursting cannons roar,
And in his hand the keen edg'd faulchion darts
A formidable blaze; and first of all,
She threatens BRITAIN'S sea-inviron'd isles.
The haughty Gaul has now, (disgraceful tale)
Tasted the sweets of victory and spoils,
And triumph'd (O opprobrious) o'er our fleets,
Our potent fleets once masters of the sea!
Storm'd and ransack'd the bulwarks of our trade,
The mighty barriers of our Indian wealth,
And safe retreats from the destructive storm,
And all the dangers of th' Atlantic surge!
But will these, think you, satisfy his lust,
And stop the progress of th' ambitious zeal,
And hellish greed of empire and of wealth,
That burn, impatient, in his lawless breast?

No;

No ; these but rouse and stimulate him on
 To rapine, blood-shed, bribery, and spoils,
 Foment his superstitious rage the more,
 His curst enthusiasm, and his pride ;
 And drive him on, precipitate and blind,
 To tyranny, and universal sway,
 Ever his constant and unwearied aim,
 But ever fruitless ; so may heav'n decree !
 So the huge lion scours th' trembling plain,
 Frantic and fierce by hunger's gnawing bite ;
 And if by chance he tears a prey too small
 To satisfy his stomach's raging wants,
 He's still more wild and furious than before,
 And roars outrageous for a larger meal,
 To gorge his maw, and stain his jaws with gore.
 Then, BRITONS, dare to face his sternest rage,
 And disappoint his famish'd appetite ;
 And force him back again, short of his hopes,
 Short of his fateless greed-expected prey.
 Let him indulge his barb'rous thirst at home
 Of human blood, and pall (if possible)
 His keen desire for spoils and carnage there.
 But not in BRITAIN, happy, happy place !
 Let him command, with undisputed sway,

A venal crowd of abject, cringing slaves,
 Not men, (for liberty alone makes men)
 And there, till cruelty itself be pleas'd,
 And tyranny and caprice satisfy'd ;
 Let his accurst ambition domineer.
 But not in ALBION, that distinguish'd place !
 Distinguish'd once, but now inglorious grown,
 Fall'n from the highest pinnacle of fame,
 Where once she shone in dazzling lustre bright,
 As yonder sun in zenith splendors clad,
 When he at noon surveys the wond'ring earth ;
 Sublimely rais'd above the mightiest states,
 The object, darling object of applause,
 And universal approbation still !
 So shines the comet, blazing for a while,
 Dragging his flaming glories cross the sky,
 Each smaller star extinguish'd in his rays,
 And struck the aw'd attention with surprise,
 But soon his radiant visage glows no more,
 He sweeps along, refulgent in his course,
 A destin'd time, then sets in night profound.
 He sets a while, soon to return again,
 Thro' other worlds his rapid race perform'd,
 And measur'd half the circle of the skies.

So may her fame, ah, now so much obscur'd !
 In glory more transcendently improv'd,
 Come forth the wonder of ten thousand worlds !

Thus has the muse, unknown to fame before,
 Who ne'er essay'd above the shepherd's reed,
 The painted meadow, or the purling brook ;
 Till now, when glory bade her prune her wing,
 Her infant wing, to try exalted heighths ;
 For BRITAIN rais'd her bold advent'rous song,
 With ardent zeal asserting all her rights.

Thus has she strove, with motives truly great,
 And arguments ev'n of the last import ;
 To raise our grov'ling wishes from the ground,
 On fordid and ignoble objects plac'd,
 To soar on high, exalted, and sublime,
 Above the stupid multitude below,
 To emulate examples great and good ;
 That military, and heroic worth,
 That glorious high-born dignity of soul,
 Once ALBION's chieftest monument of praise ;
 Which high exalted her illustrious name,
 Above the kings and princes of the earth ;
 And bravely spurn'd base slav'ry's abject chains ;

Which,

Which, with superior greatness and disdain,
 Scorn'd ev'ry narrow, selfish sentiment,
 And all the vile and prostituted arts
 Of curst corruption, and venality !
 But now forgot in this licentious age,
 This age devoted, young, old, high, and low,
 Of ev'ry sex, to luxury, and vice ;
 Its present shame, indeliable shame,
 As well as future ruin, most complete,
 If not prevented by a speedy change,
 And hearty too, determin'd and sincere ;
 A gen'ral habitude of piety,
 And manners ever sway'd by temperance.
 And could she lye inglorious in the shade,
 Stretch'd all along upon the verdant grass ;
 Charm'd, list'ning to the zephyr's whisp'ring notes,
 Or brook in murm'ring accents gliding by :
 Could she, with unambitious ecstacy,
 Drink in the thrilling music of the grove,
 While thrushes, nightingales, and blackbirds sing ;
 When BRITAIN, Liberty and Virtue call'd,
 No more to flutter with inferior wing,
 In grov'ling flights, above the flow'ry lawn,
 The mantling arbour, or the limpid stream,

But

But keen, and eager, to ascend on high,
And dare a more sublime and ample soar,
To emulate the lark's aerial flight ?

O HAD the tow'ring genius of a YOUNG,
A matchless YOUNG, inspir'd her glowing breast!
His rap'trous flights, his energy of thought,
His rapid eloquence, and judgment clear,
Profound as clear, and as profound, correct !
His boundless fancy's wide extensive view,
And perfect knowledge of the human soul ;
His penetration and discernment keen,
As is the soaring eagle's piercing eye ;
The pomp and grandeur of his manly lays,
And all his warm devotion's fervent fires !

F I N I S.



